



Claws

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Claws by cuntoid

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Summary:

Penny likes to sweeten the meat, too.

Claws

“Mmmhmmmmhmm. It likes this game, doesn’t it?”

You can barely move, much less speak. The thing takes in your wide, shining eyes, your raw bottom lip where you won’t stop worrying it with your teeth. You shake underneath him hard enough that you make an effort to keep your teeth from chattering as he straddles your hips. He doesn’t need to do this - the fucking thing is monstrous, it could easily restrain you without being so *intimate*. The thought sends an unwarranted blossom of heat low in your belly and the clown tilts its head up, eyes rolling back as it scents the air.

“Tiny little thing. Tainted blood.” He sputters a manic little giggle and brings his big hand up to your face, wiggling his fingers. His eyes blaze down at you and he smirks, licking his jagged teeth as if you two share a secret. “But we can do *better*, *can’t we?* Can’t we, can’t we?”

Each finger elongates, the tips of his gloves bursting at the seams to allow long, thick claws to push forth. He strokes tenderly down the bridge of your nose with one pointed claw, tittering as you steel every nerve against the impulse to recoil from his touch - as if you have anywhere to go. He rests thoughtfully at the bow of your top lip, tracing the gentle slope down and tapping your tooth.

“Open up.”

The lilt of his voice makes you sick. Your stomach lurches as he traces the seam of your tongue, the comparatively blunt edges of your teeth, gently hooks his finger until it feels like he might pop through your cheek. He growls, a weird, multi-tonal sound that's like bones grinding together, like old telephone wires and rusted metal and insects, something that makes you cringe underneath him. He trembles as he pushes a little harder, the edge of his nail cutting into the delicate pink meat. He relents at the last second, his laughter breathier. He pants a little, tongue lolling out to lick his digit clean when he takes it from your mouth. His eyes glow, bright and coppery as your own blood on your molars, the raw spot in your cheek. He taps each claw deliberately against your throat. They march dutifully

down your sternum, his lip pouting out when he snags your shirt.

“This is no fun,” he huffs. His sharkish grin returns as he takes the garment in his hands and shreds it open. He slowly eyes the new expanse of unmarred flesh, warm and flushed for the taking, your blood shot through with a heady mix of fear and... something else. He winks down at you and strings of his hot, viscous drool patter over your ribs. He gleefully mocks your whimper as he takes your throat in one hand and yanks your pants down with the other. A claw teases over your slit, so soft it tickles, before he brings it back shiny and wet. His tongue lolls from between his lips like a black worm, wrapping around the claw before pulling it between his lips to suck clean. He makes a show of it, moaning and fluttering his eyelashes before popping it wetly from his mouth.

“You’re ripe for the slaughter, but you have...” he taps his cheek comically as he trails off, narrowing his eyes down at you. He’s the picture of sadistic self-indulgence. He snaps his fingers and brings both hands to your sides, digging into the curves and slats of ribs. “Your meat is *tender*, with fear... *aaand* with the need to *BEGET*. Do you desire me, child?”

His voice rumbles deeply, dropping from its singsong lightness of before and shaking the very floor you’re pinned against. You shake and can’t find words, can’t fathom what he’s *really* asking you as his razor-sharp fucking talons dig into your flesh. He squeezes in response to your silence and shudders with pleasure when you scream, broken by sharp sobs as you shriek apologies at him.

“Don’t be sorry. Be *good*. Be *obedient* for Pennywise!” He wiggles his fingers in a cruel mockery of tickling, hitting nerves and filling you with a desperate, sharp kind of pain you’ve never experienced. It feels like molten glass, like needles and sandpaper and knives, it bursts like hot sparks. He relents, his breathing labored and peppered with giggling. “If you tell me, I might give you what you want. I might not *zzziiip* your skin off like... a... glove.”

He taps his claws down your belly and between your thighs again, dragging the flat of his gnarled fingertip between your soaked, swollen cunt lips, eyes bleeding red.

“Go on, little thing. *A S K.*”